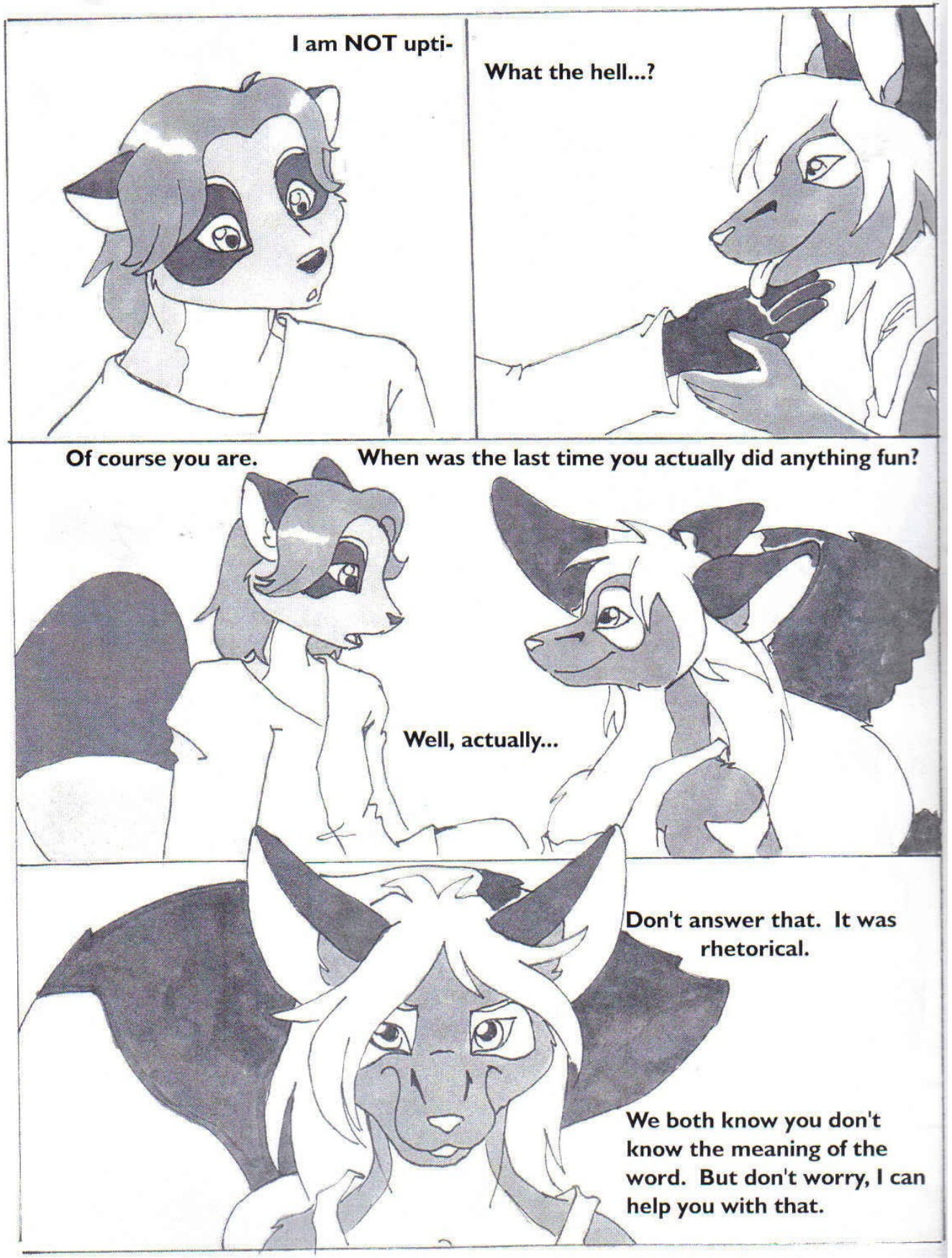
FURNATION
Issue #7
Art and Stories by:
Cobalt, Corsi,
D. Bruin, Tak,
Graveyard Greg,
Growly Genet, and
The Dragon Girl!
FELINIA
PANDAGUAY
SEA of DREAMS
FURNATION
Rog Angeles
Pigcinatti
Rog Minotaur
Mature Content. Adults Only!

Ringtail Cafe

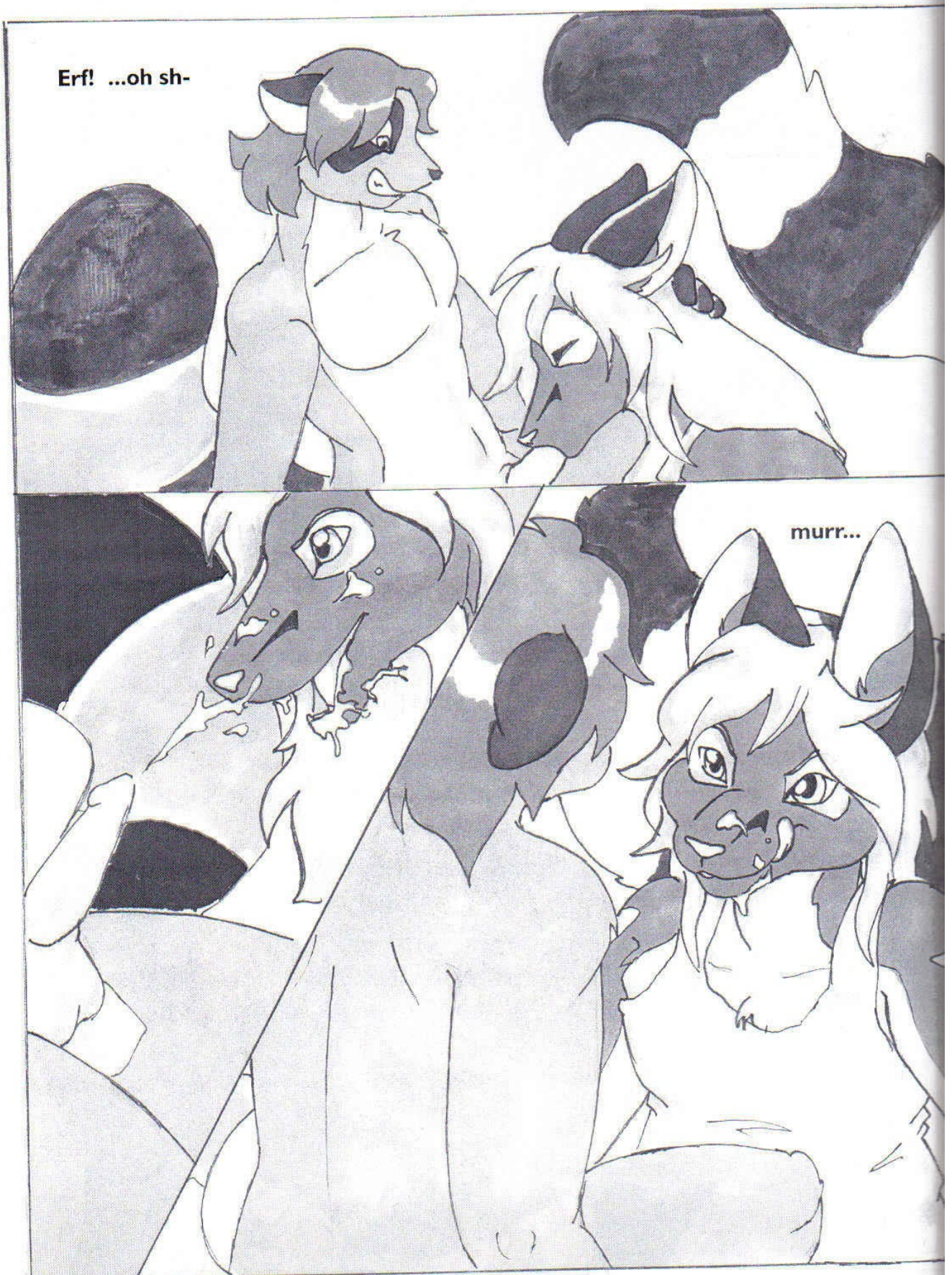
Intermission

by Growly Genet

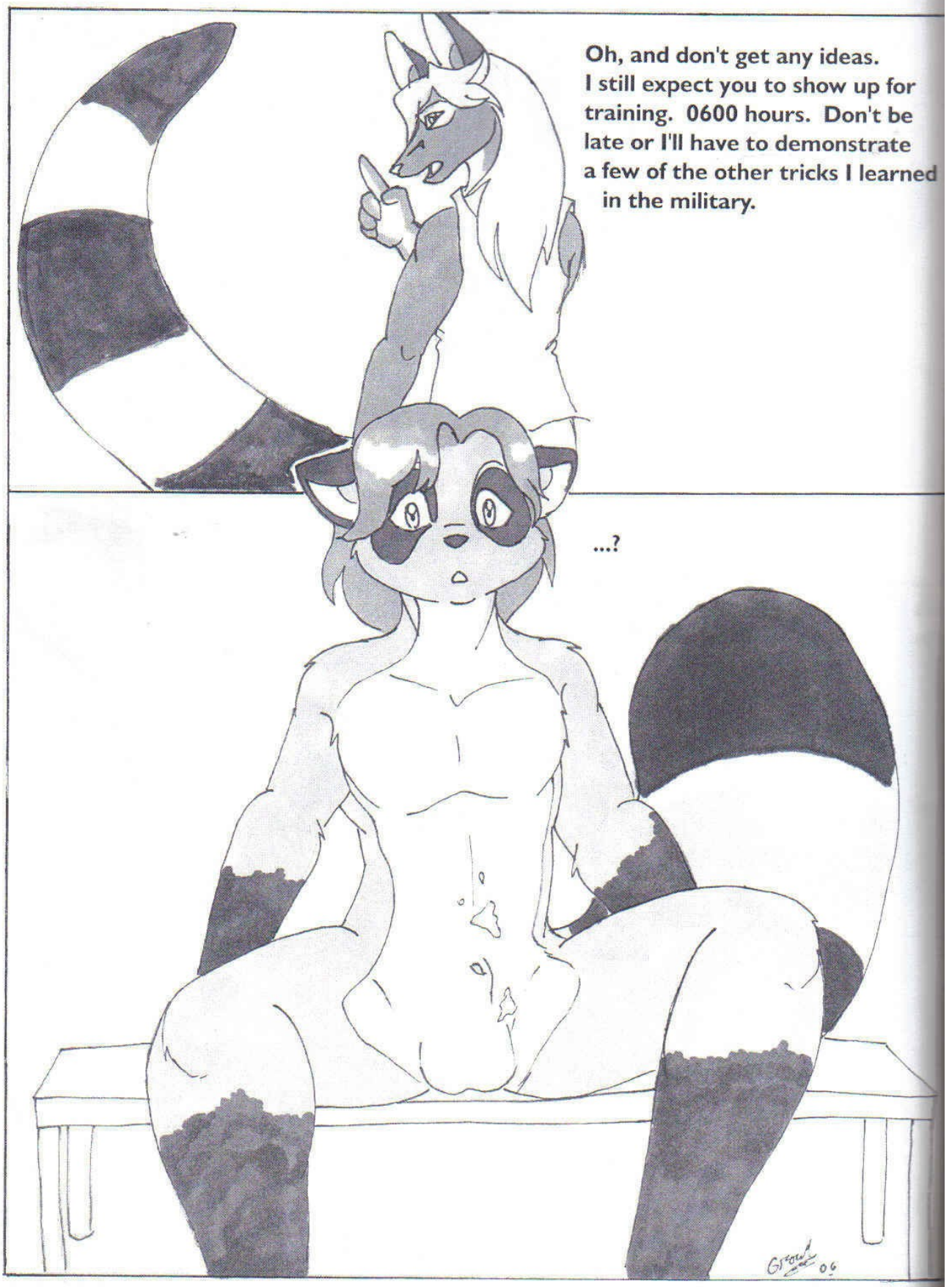
So, do all of your missions end up like that?
Some do. Why? Not thinking of ducking out already are you?
Of course not!
It was just unexpected, that's all. Damn... I still can't believe that bastard clipped me!
Aw, that's barely a scratch. Geez, boyscout, you need to stop being so uptight.
Here, let me see it...

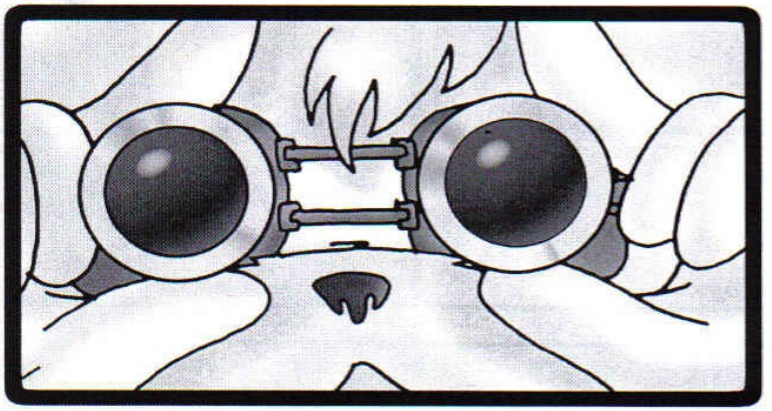

I am NOT upti-
What the hell...?
Of course you are.
When was the last time you actually did anything fun?
Well, actually...
Don't answer that. It was rhetorical.
We both know you don't know the meaning of the word. But don't worry, I can help you with that.

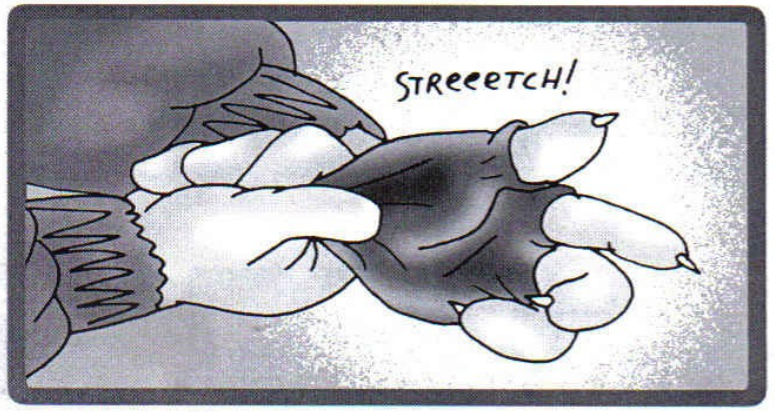
Wha-!?

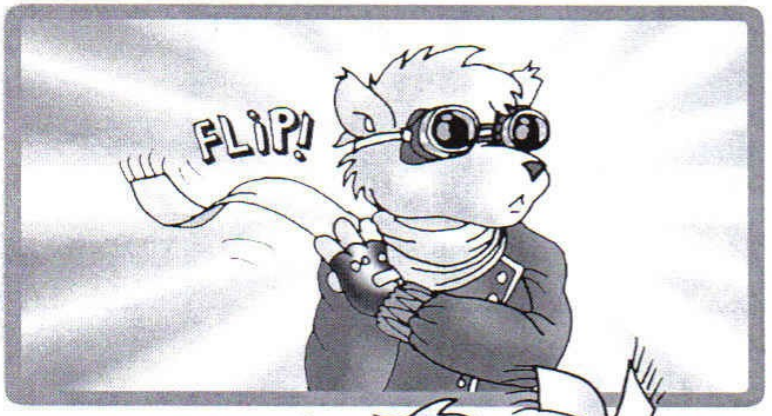

Erf! ...oh sh-
murr...

What the hell was that!?
It's called a blowjob.
And you're welcome.
No problem.
I uh... that is... I mean... thanks?
I'm gonna hit the showers. You should get that hand bandaged.


Oh, and don't get any ideas. I still expect you to show up for training. 0600 hours. Don't be late or I'll have to demonstrate a few of the other tricks I learned in the military.
...?



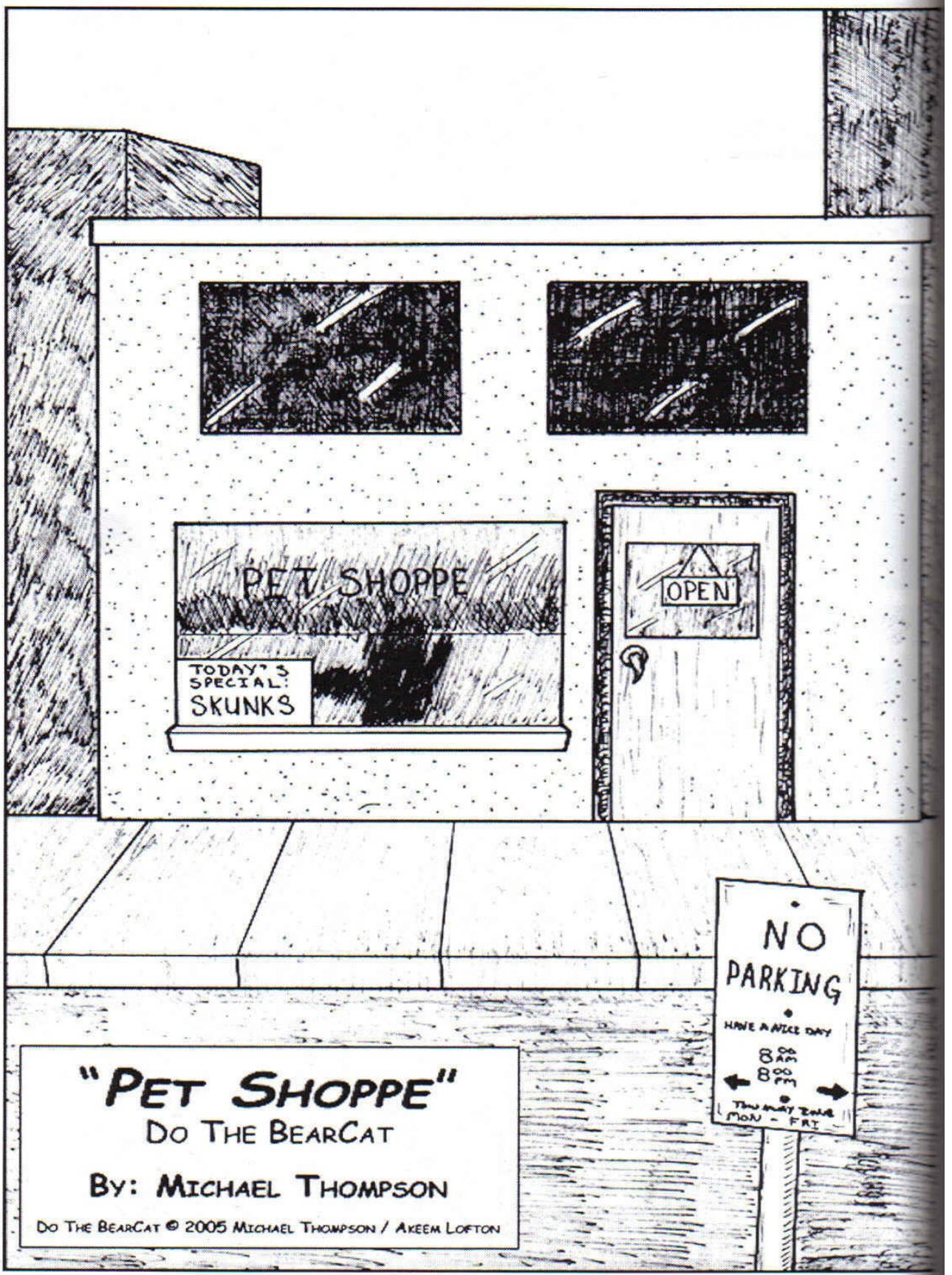




WALKABOUT

©1999

CHRIS SUTOR



"PET SHOPPE"

DO THE BEARCAT

BY: MICHAEL THOMPSON

DO THE BEARCAT © 2005 MICHAEL THOMPSON / AKEEM LOFTON

DHZG!

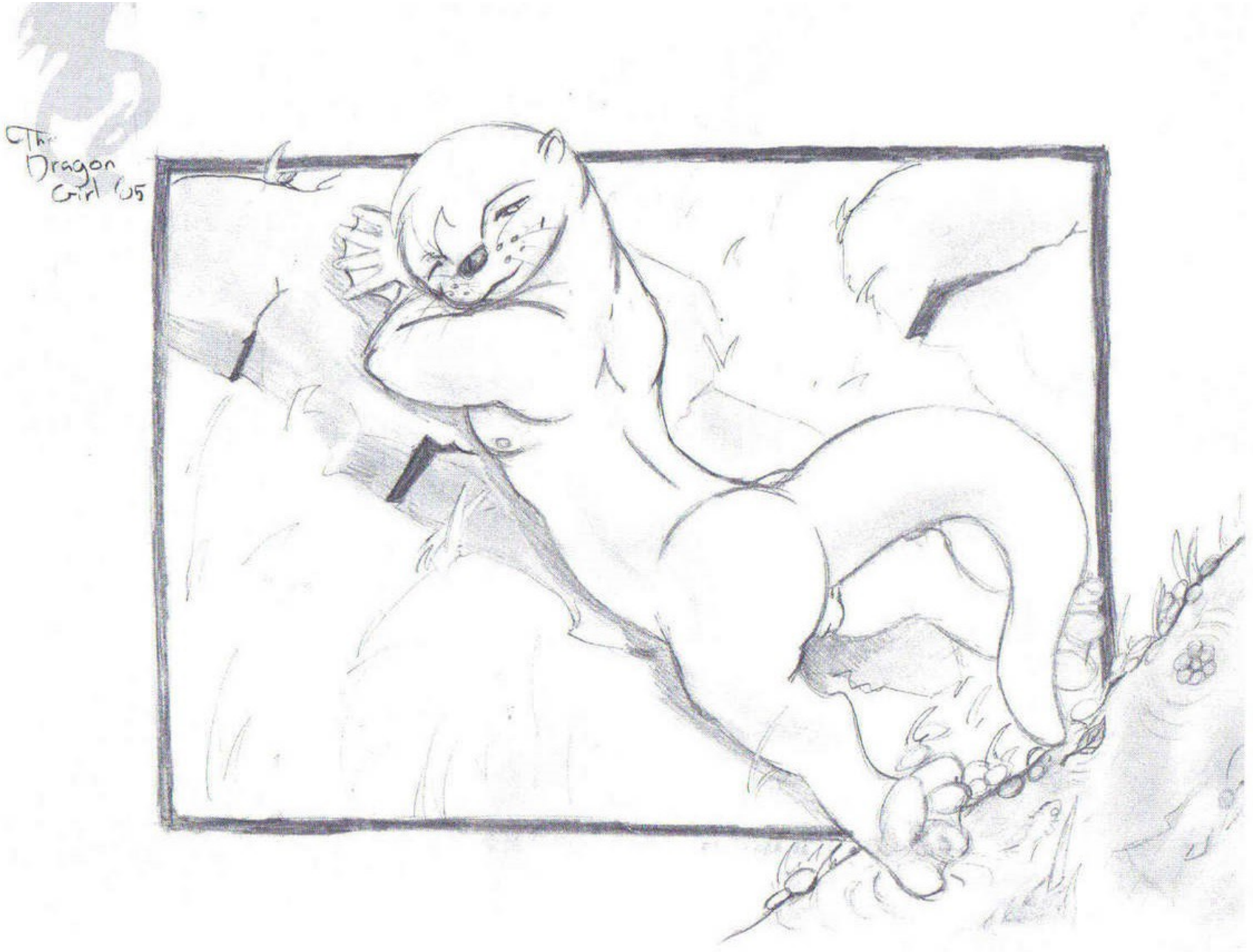
Hello, and welcome to the Pet Shoppe. How may I serve you today?
PET FOOD
Yum-Yum!
NOW 100% NOW TOXIC
We saw your special on skunks and would like to get one.
You are in luck, we have one left in stock.

It's actually his feeding time. I was just about to give him his lunch. If you don't mind waiting, I can take care of this then we can get to the sale.
Oh, that's okay, take your time. We ar...
ZNZNTP
WHOA!

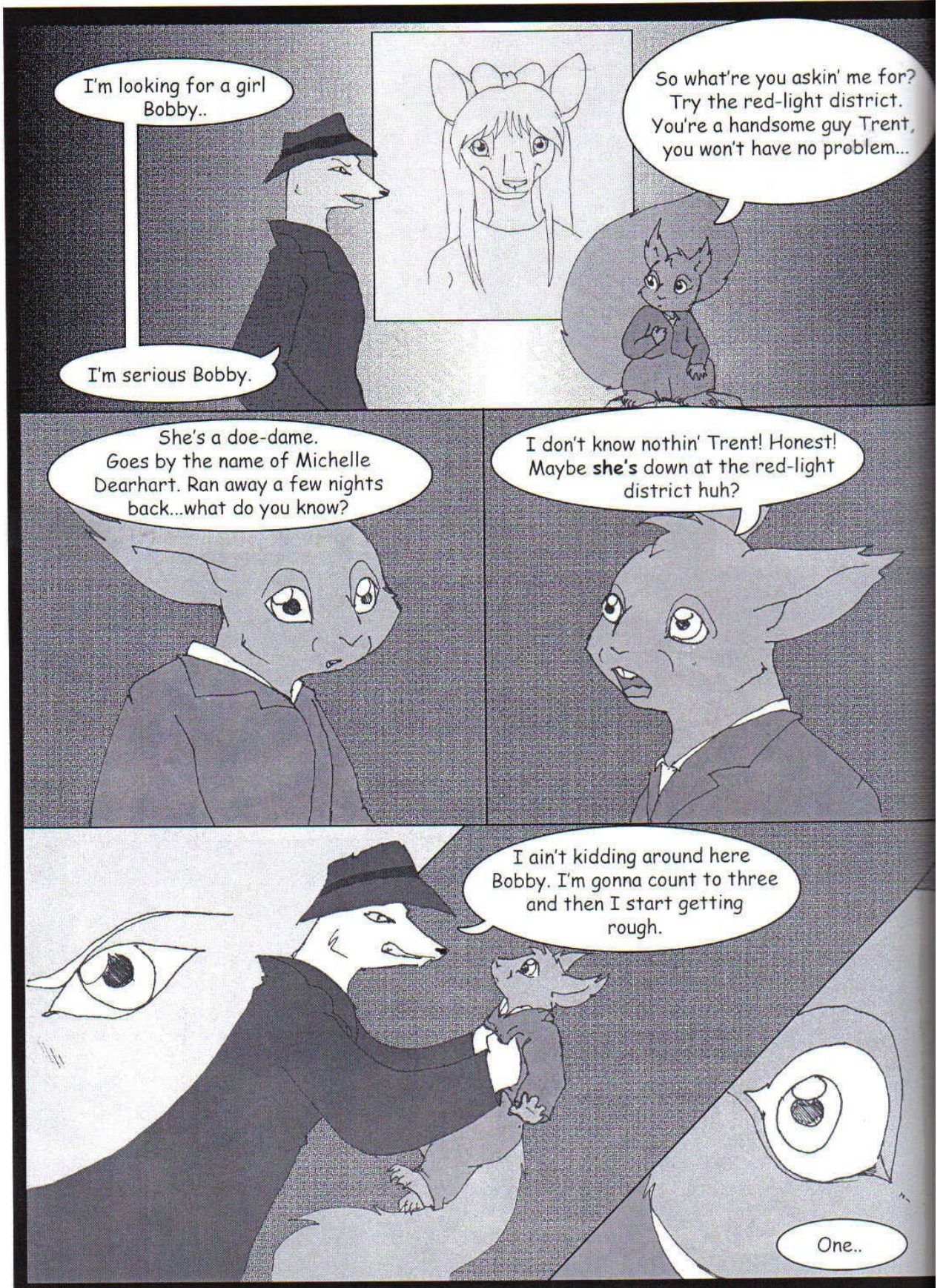
Ooooo...
Well, it looks like I don't have to worry about feeding him now...
MMMM!!

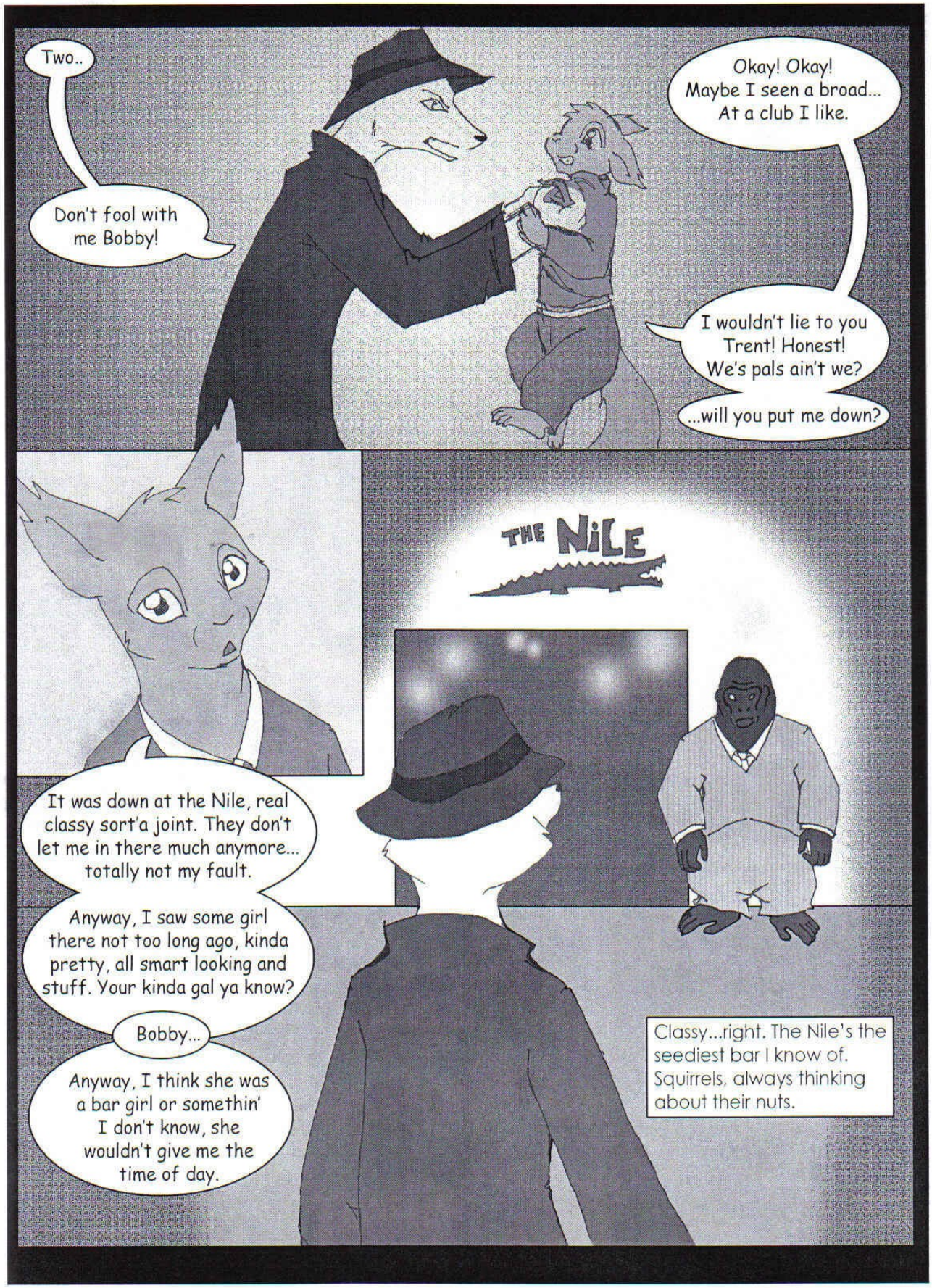
Oh yes!

Mrowl!
That means we will take him...
Yes ma'am.


The
Dragon
Girl 05

My name is Trent Aramis Knightly. I find people.
TRENT ARAMIS KNIGHTLY IN:
The Case of the Dancing Doe
I'm looking for a girl.
When you don't know where to start...
...it's always good to have friends.
Bobby...
We need to talk.


I'm looking for a girl Bobby..
I'm serious Bobby.
So what're you askin' me for? Try the red-light district. You're a handsome guy Trent, you won't have no problem...
She's a doe-dame. Goes by the name of Michelle Dearhart. Ran away a few nights back...what do you know?
I don't know nothin' Trent! Honest! Maybe **she's** down at the red-light district huh?
I ain't kidding around here Bobby. I'm gonna count to three and then I start getting rough.
One..


Two..
Don't fool with me Bobby!
Okay! Okay! Maybe I seen a broad... At a club I like.
I wouldn't lie to you Trent! Honest! We's pals ain't we?
...will you put me down?
THE NILE
It was down at the Nile, real classy sort'a joint. They don't let me in there much anymore... totally not my fault.
Anyway, I saw some girl there not too long ago, kinda pretty, all smart looking and stuff. Your kinda gal ya know?
Bobby...
Anyway, I think she was a bar girl or somethin' I don't know, she wouldn't give me the time of day.
Classy...right. The Nile's the seediest bar I know of. Squirrels, always thinking about their nuts.

Can I help you?
Yeah, I'm looking for a girl.
Sorry,this is a private club, by invitation only.
Look, one way or another I'm getting in there pal.
The only way you're gettin' in there is through me.
Nice Monkey Suit...
Whenever things ge this serious...

...I have to stop and recall just why I'm doing this again.
Knightly Nightly
P.I.
Thank you for seeing me Mr. Knightly...My husband and I are worried sick...
We were hoping to keep this discreet.
I'm listening.
Michelle was always such a good girl. She's top of her class you know, her father and I work very hard to give her the best in life. She's never done anything like this before, she's such a good girl. She means the world to us, that's why we came to you. Honestly, she's such a good girl
We would be very appreciative if you could find her quickly... and quietly.
$
$
PAST DUE
She made some very moving points.

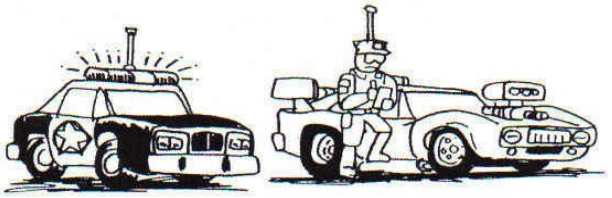
Far be it for me to leave a lady in distress.
I just wish it didn't involve me playing baby-sitter.
I've seen this a few times before. Some politician's daughter gets tired of being ignored. She runs off in some cry for attention...
...wants to prove she's grown up, so she does something impulsive.
She's probably serving drin
or selling cigarettes, and thinks she's taking care of herself. Nothing to do b
take her by the hand, and
bring her home.
...Okay maybe it'll be a bit more complicated than I thought...
To Be Continued.

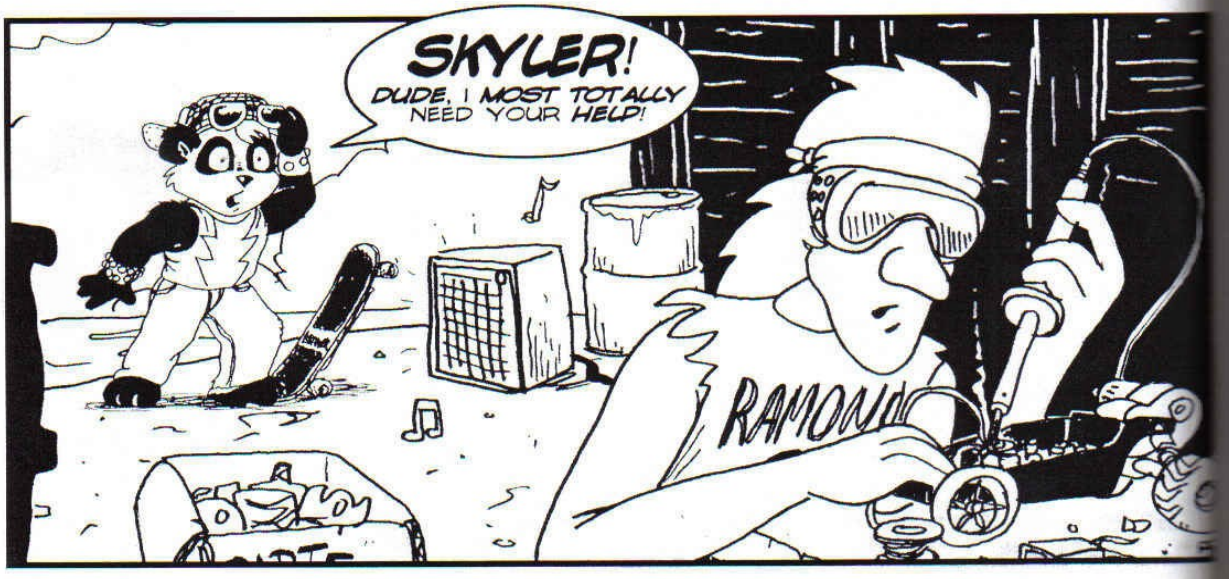
-The Dragon Girl '06

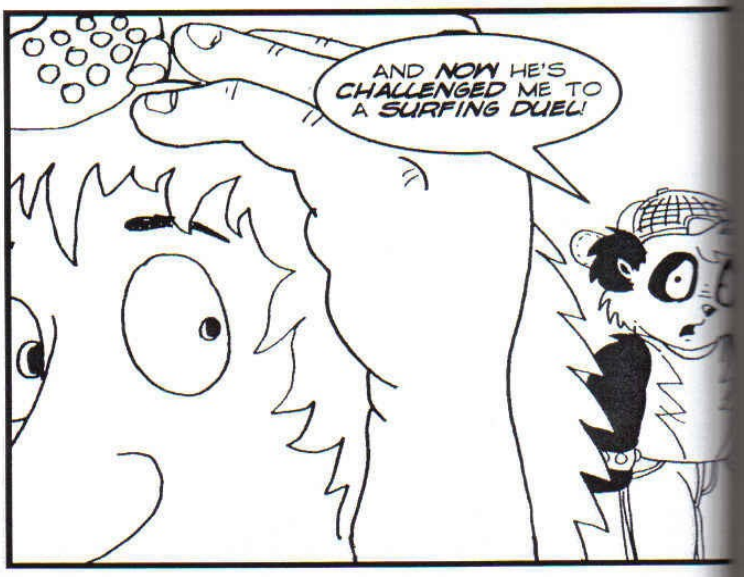
CHRIS SUTOR'S

INKBLOT

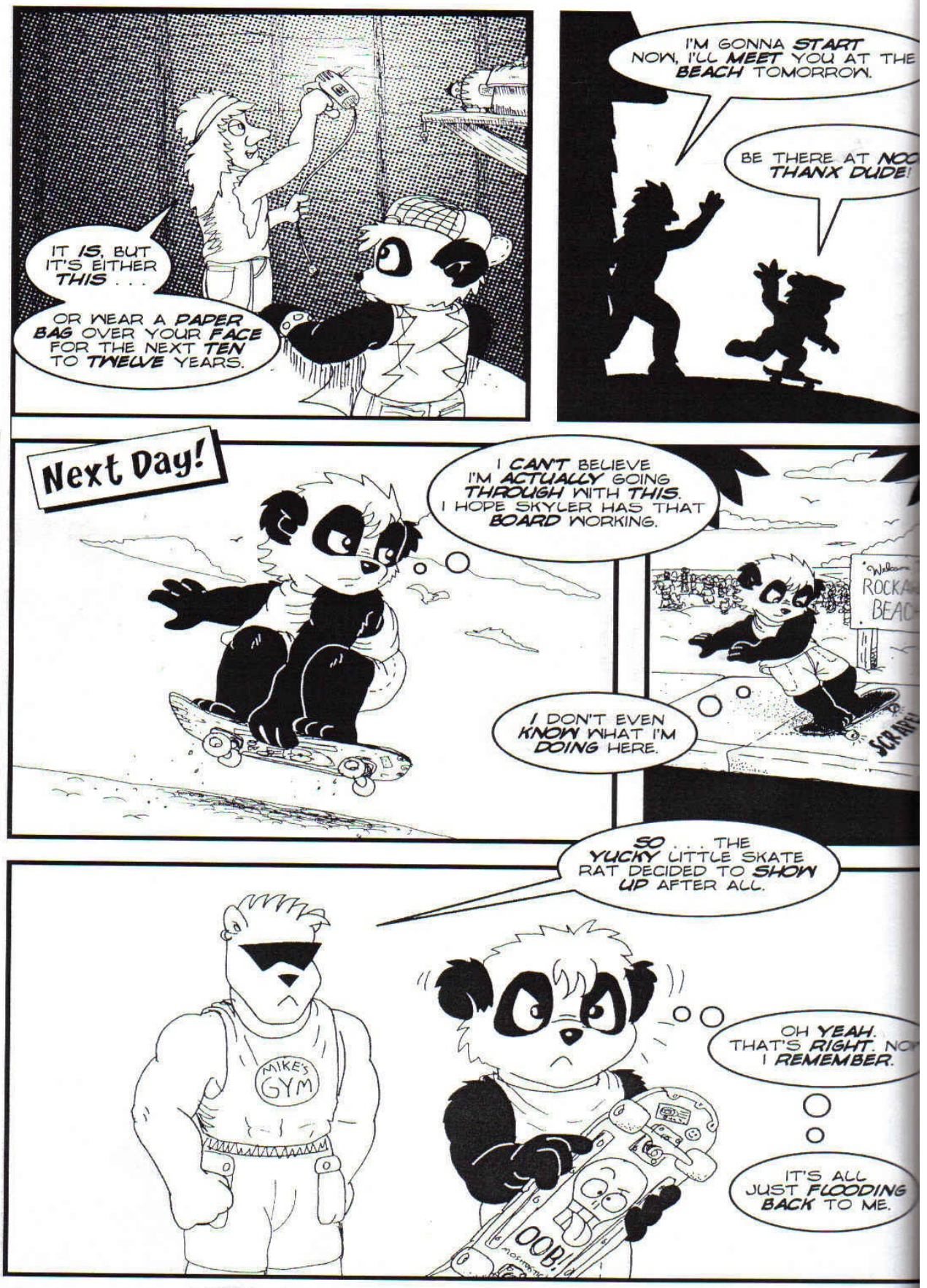
STARRING IN CONTROL FREAKS

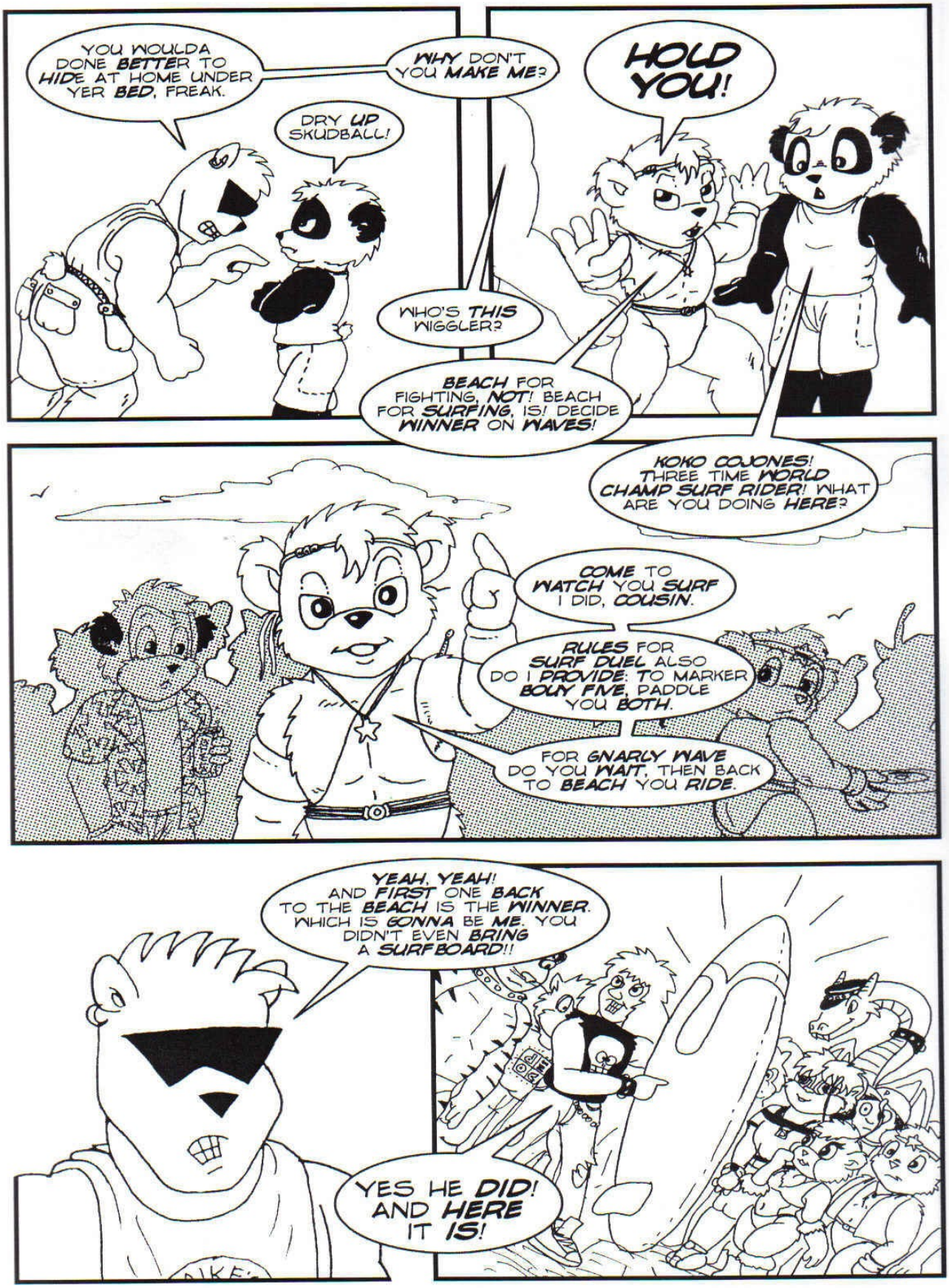






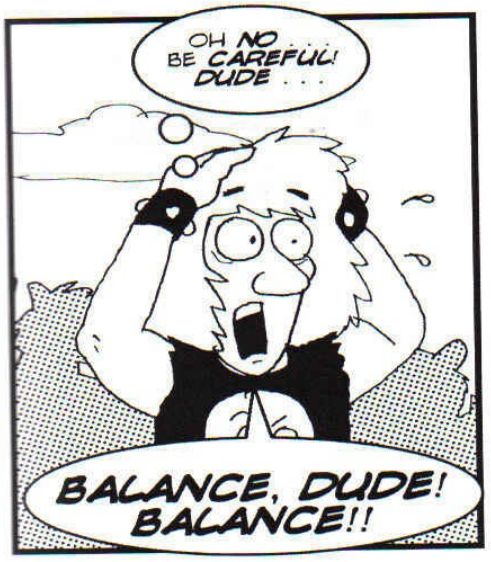
I USED TO BE ABLE TO SURF PRETTY GOOD. I STILL HAVE MY OLD BOARD TOO.
MAYBE I COULD GO IN YOUR PLACE. SORTA ACTING AS YOUR CHAMPION.
RAMONES
NAH, DUDE. I GOTTA DO IT MYSELF OR EVERYONE'S GONNA THINK I'M WIMPING OUT! I'LL GET LAUGHED OFF THE BEACH!
I COULD TEACH YOU HOW TO SURF. IT'S ALMOST LIKE RIDING A SKATEBOARD.
THE DUEL'S TOMORROW.
DUDE. I WISH I WAS AN R/C CAR SO YOU COULD JUST DRIVE ME FROM THE BEACH.
HAH!
YOU MAY JUST HAVE HIT ON THE ANSWER THERE, DUDE!
SEE, THIS OLD BOARD'S HOLLOW! I CAN CUT A HOLE IN IT . . .
TOK TOK TOK
. . . AND HOOK IN A RADIO CONTROLLED SERVO SYSTEM!
BUT ISN'T THAT KINDA RISKY?

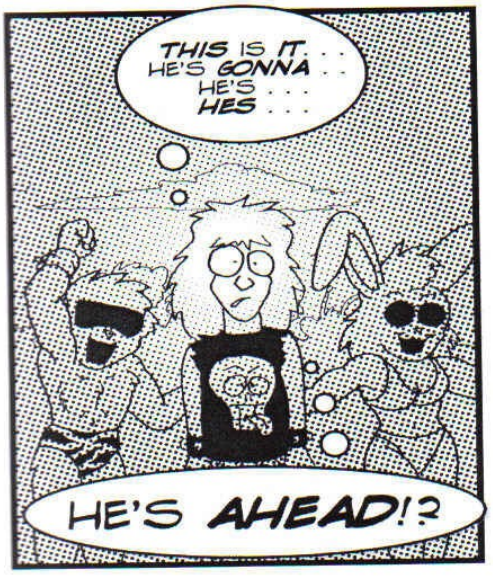

IT IS, BUT IT'S EITHER THIS . . .
OR WEAR A PAPER BAG OVER YOUR FACE FOR THE NEXT TEN TO TWELVE YEARS.
I'M GONNA START NOW, I'LL MEET YOU AT THE BEACH TOMORROW.
BE THERE AT NOO
THANX DUDE!
Next Day!
I CAN'T BELIEVE I'M ACTUALLY GOING THROUGH WITH THIS. I HOPE SKYLER HAS THAT BOARD WORKING.
I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT I'M DOING HERE.
SCRAPE!
SO . . . THE YUCKY LITTLE SKATE RAT DECIDED TO SHOW UP AFTER ALL.
MIKE'S GYM
OOB!
OH YEAH. THAT'S RIGHT. NO
I REMEMBER.
IT'S ALL JUST FLOODING BACK TO ME.

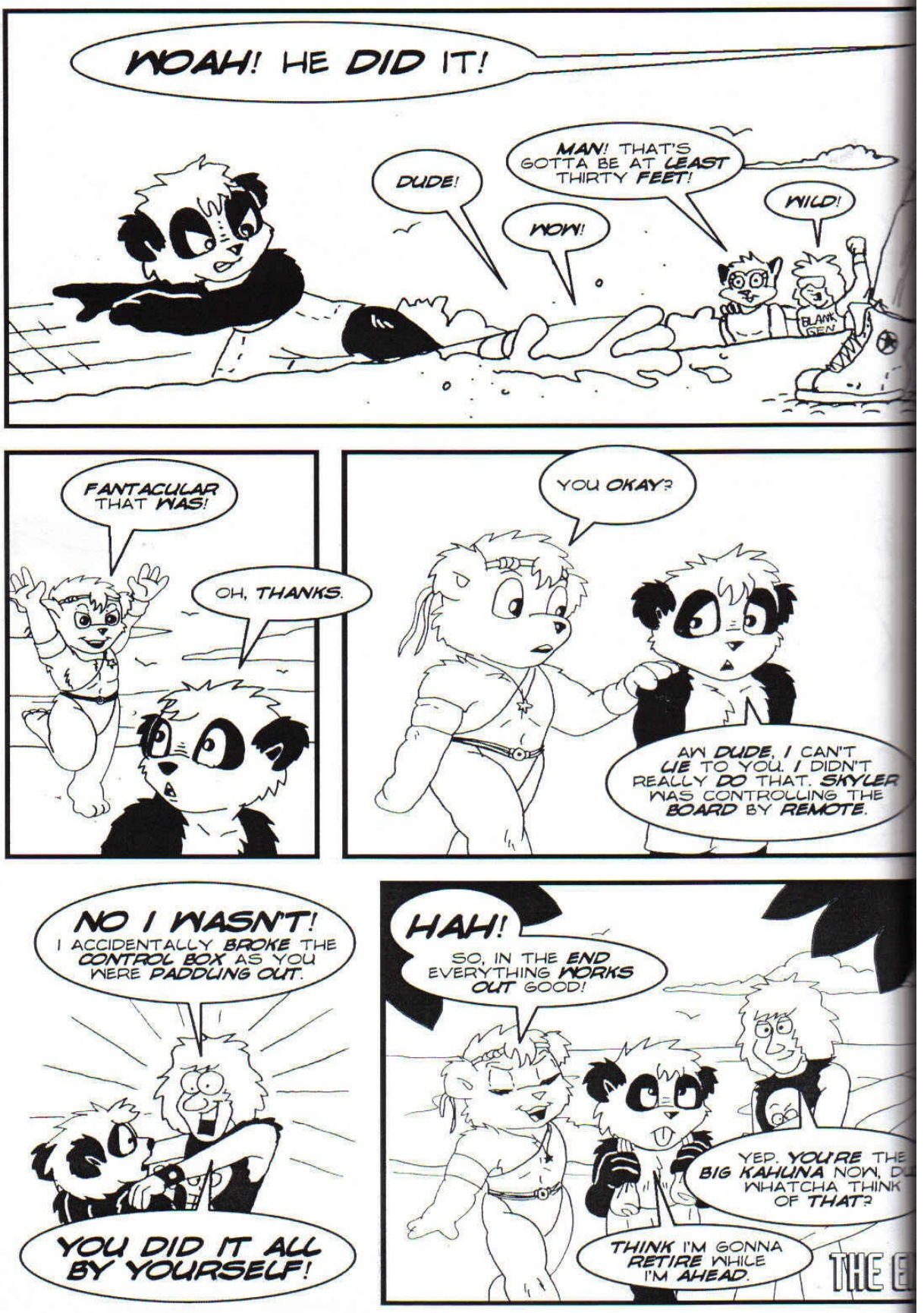

YOU WOULDA DONE BETTER TO HIDE AT HOME UNDER YER BED, FREAK.
DRY UP SKUDBALL!
WHY DON'T YOU MAKE ME?
HOLD YOU!
WHO'S THIS WIGGLER?
BEACH FOR FIGHTING, NOT! BEACH FOR SURFING, IS! DECIDE WINNER ON WAVES!
KOKO COJONES! THREE TIME WORLD CHAMP SURF RIDER! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
COME TO WATCH YOU SURF I DID, COUSIN.
RULES FOR SURF DUEL ALSO DO I PROVIDE: TO MARKER BOUY FIVE, PADDLE YOU BOTH.
FOR GNARLY WAVE DO YOU WAIT, THEN BACK TO BEACH YOU RIDE.
YEAH, YEAH! AND FIRST ONE BACK TO THE BEACH IS THE WINNER. WHICH IS GONNA BE ME, YOU DIDN'T EVEN BRING A SURFBOARD!!
YES HE DID! AND HERE IT IS!

DUDE. I WASN'T SURE IF YOU'D GET IT DONE IN TIME.
I DID. LET'S TALK OVER HERE.
OKAY. NOW LISTEN. I'M NOT GONN BE ABLE TO DO EVERYTHING FOR YOU. AT BEST I'LL BE NUDGING YOU BACK INTO A GOOD DRIVING LINE AGAINST THE WAVE. YOU GOTTA KEEP BALANCE AND YOU GOTTA LEAN WITH THE BOARD.
IS THAT GONNA BE ENOUGH?
YOU'LL DO FINE. NOW GO SHOW THAT JERK HOW TO ROCK N' ROLL!!
YEAH!
NOW, LEMEE JUST SET UP SHOP. . .
CLICK CLICK CLICK
WHAC
EEE
OH DEAR! I'M SORRY ABOUT THAT. ARE YOU OKAY?
SURE. FINE. NO SWEAT.
OUCH!
GAAAAH!!!
THE CONTROL BOX IS BROKEN!

OH MAN. INKBLOT'S GONNA DIE!


OH NO BE CAREFUL! DUDE . . .
BALANCE, DUDE! BALANCE!!

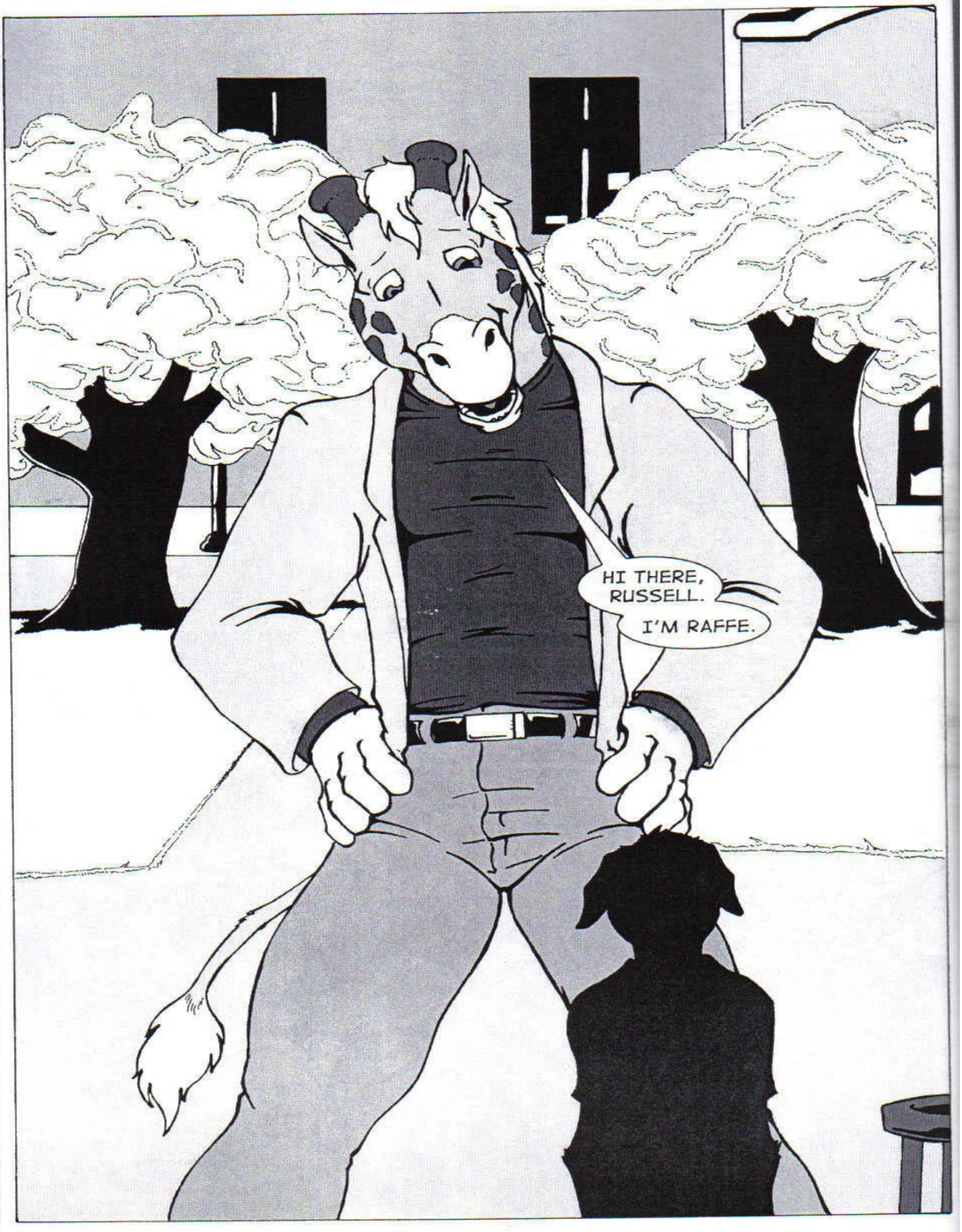

THIS IS IT. . . HE'S GONNA . . . HE'S . . . HES . . .
HE'S AHEAD!?

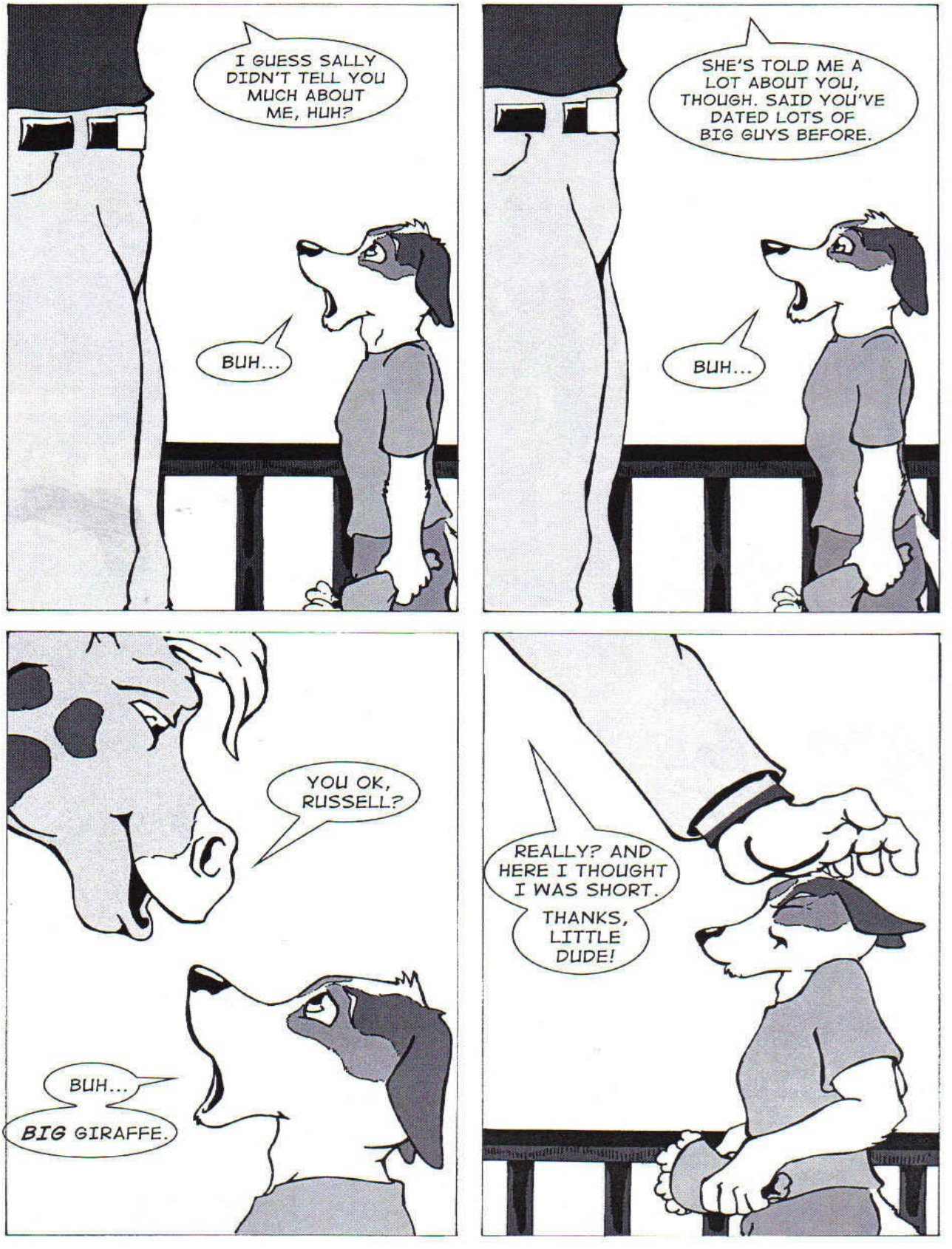

WOAH! HE DID IT!
DUDE!
MAN! THAT'S GOTTA BE AT LEAST THIRTY FEET!
WOW!
WILD!
BLANK GEN
FANTACULAR THAT WAS!
OH, THANKS.
YOU OKAY?
AW DUDE, I CAN'T LIE TO YOU. I DIDN'T REALLY DO THAT. SKYLER WAS CONTROLLING THE BOARD BY REMOTE.
NO I WASN'T! I ACCIDENTALLY BROKE THE CONTROL BOX AS YOU WERE PADDLING OUT.
YOU DID IT ALL BY YOURSELF!
HAH!
SO, IN THE END EVERYTHING WORKS OUT GOOD!
YEP. YOU'RE THE BIG KAHUNA NOW, DU WHATCHA THINK OF THAT?
THINK I'M GONNA RETIRE WHILE I'M AHEAD.
THE E

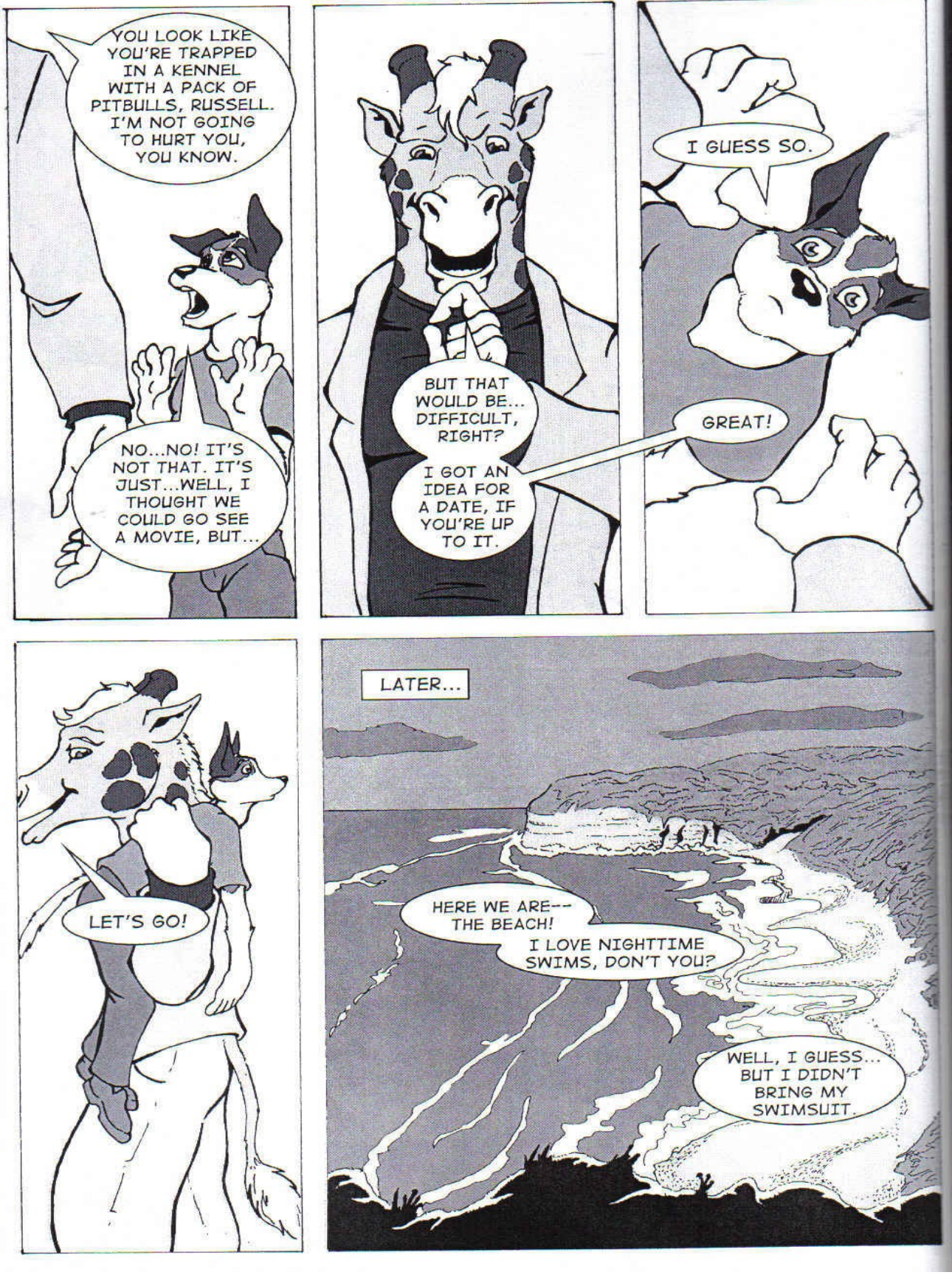
The
Dragon
Girl '08

BLIND DATE
ART BY DBRUIN
WRITTEN BY GRAVEYARD GREG
GEEZ, I CAN'T BELIEVE I GOT TALKED INTO THIS.
"I DUNNO, SALLY. I'M NOT FOND OF BLIND DATES."
AW, C'MON RUSSELL! MY FRIEND IS A SWEETIE, AND HE'S NEW IN TOWN. PLEASE? FOR ME?
WELL...OK.
I'M SO EASY. BLIND DATES ARE USUALLY A BIG DISASTER FOR ME!

6:12. HE'S LATE.
HM, ANOTHER TREMOR.
WELL, THAT'S SAN FRANSICO FOR YA.
HUH, IT GOT DARK ALL OF A SUDDEN.
HI THERE, ARE YOU RUSSELL?
YES, YOU MUST BE...
...BE...

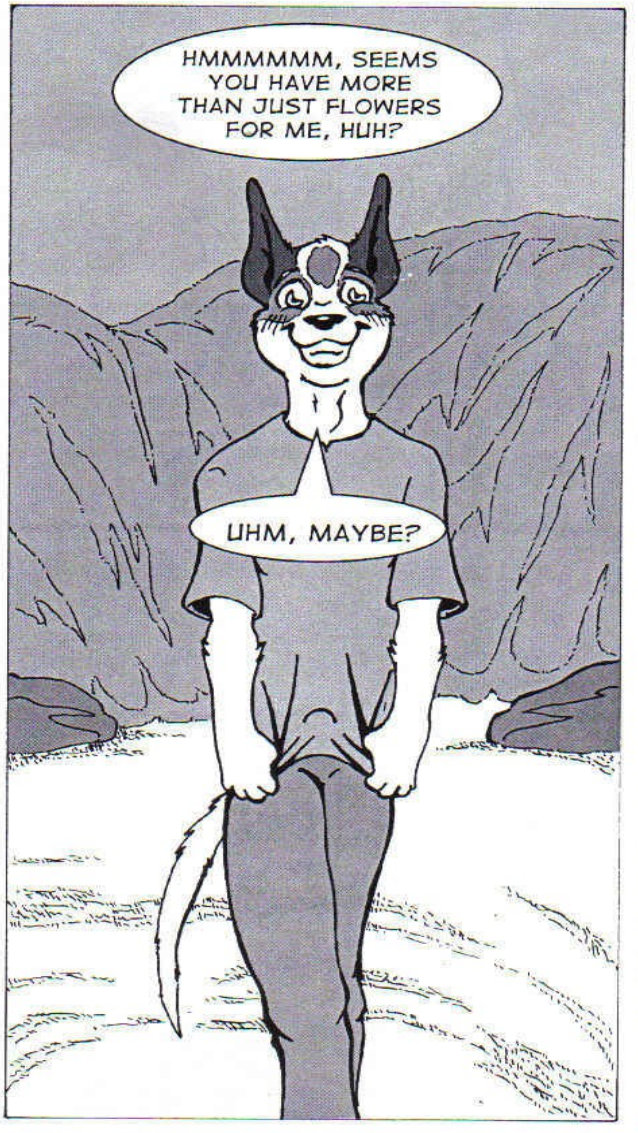

HI THERE, RUSSELL.
I'M RAFFE.

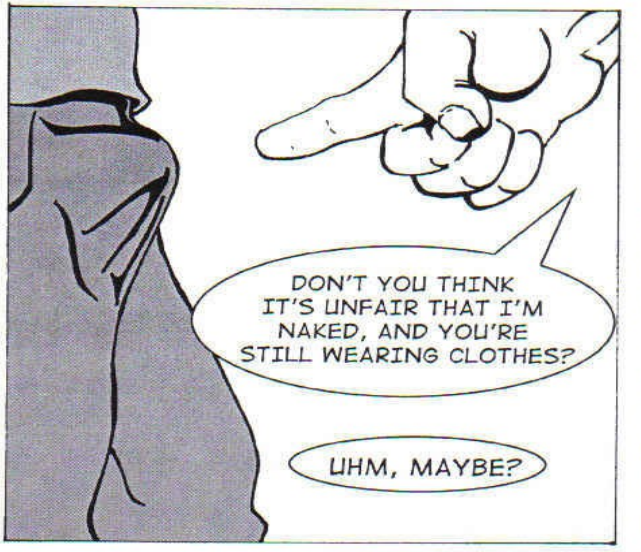

I GUESS SALLY DIDN'T TELL YOU MUCH ABOUT ME, HUH?
BUH...
SHE'S TOLD ME A LOT ABOUT YOU, THOUGH. SAID YOU'VE DATED LOTS OF BIG GUYS BEFORE.
BUH...
YOU OK, RUSSELL?
BUH...
BIG GIRAFFE.
REALLY? AND HERE I THOUGHT I WAS SHORT.
THANKS, LITTLE DUDE!

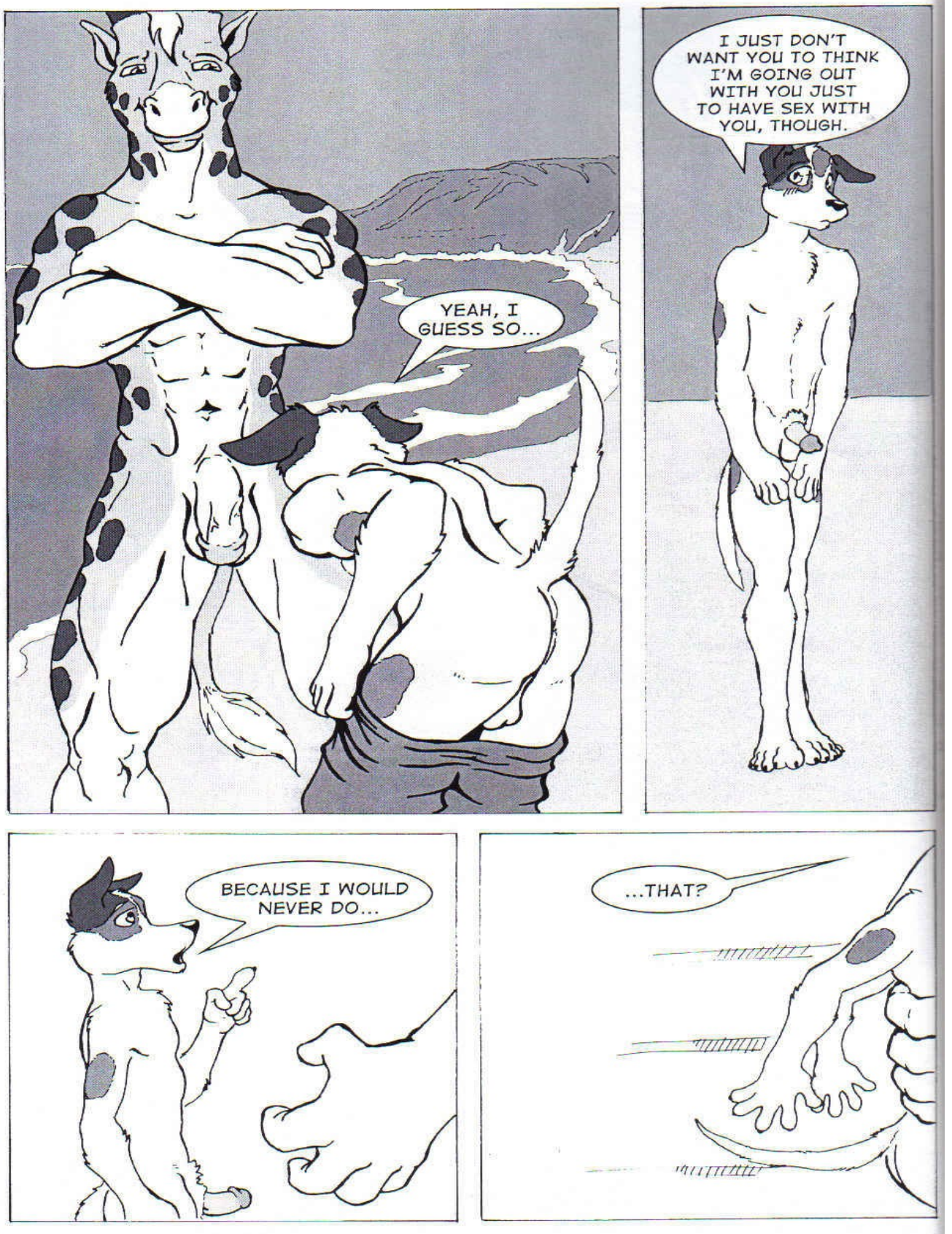

YOU LOOK LIKE YOU'RE TRAPPED IN A KENNEL WITH A PACK OF PITBULLS, RUSSELL. I'M NOT GOING TO HURT YOU, YOU KNOW.
NO...NO! IT'S NOT THAT. IT'S JUST...WELL, I THOUGHT WE COULD GO SEE A MOVIE, BUT...
BUT THAT WOULD BE... DIFFICULT, RIGHT?
I GOT AN IDEA FOR A DATE, IF YOU'RE UP TO IT.
I GUESS SO.
GREAT!
LET'S GO!
LATER...
HERE WE ARE--- THE BEACH!
I LOVE NIGHTTIME SWIMS, DON'T YOU?
WELL, I GUESS... BUT I DIDN'T BRING MY SWIMSUIT.

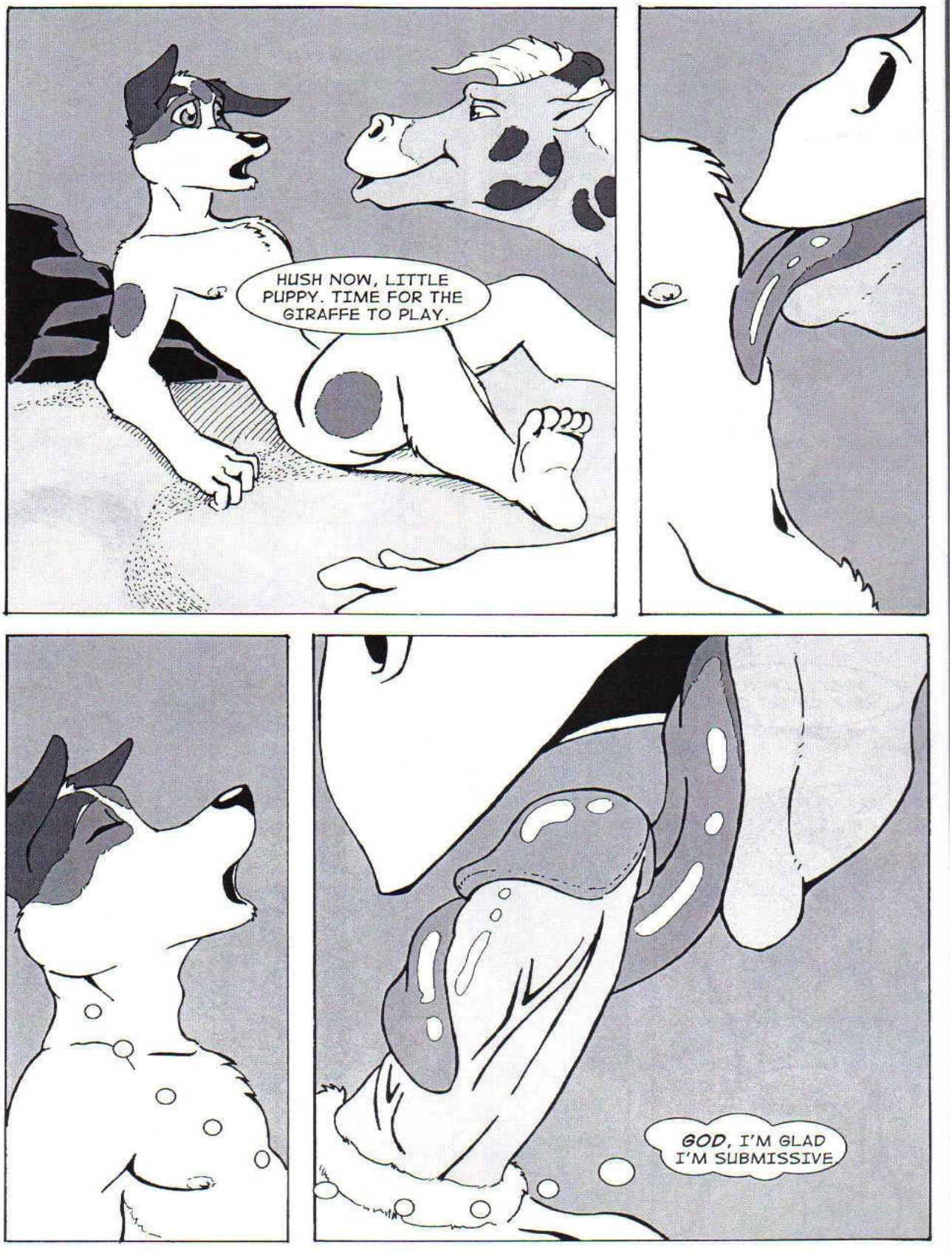
THAT'S OK, RUSSELL.

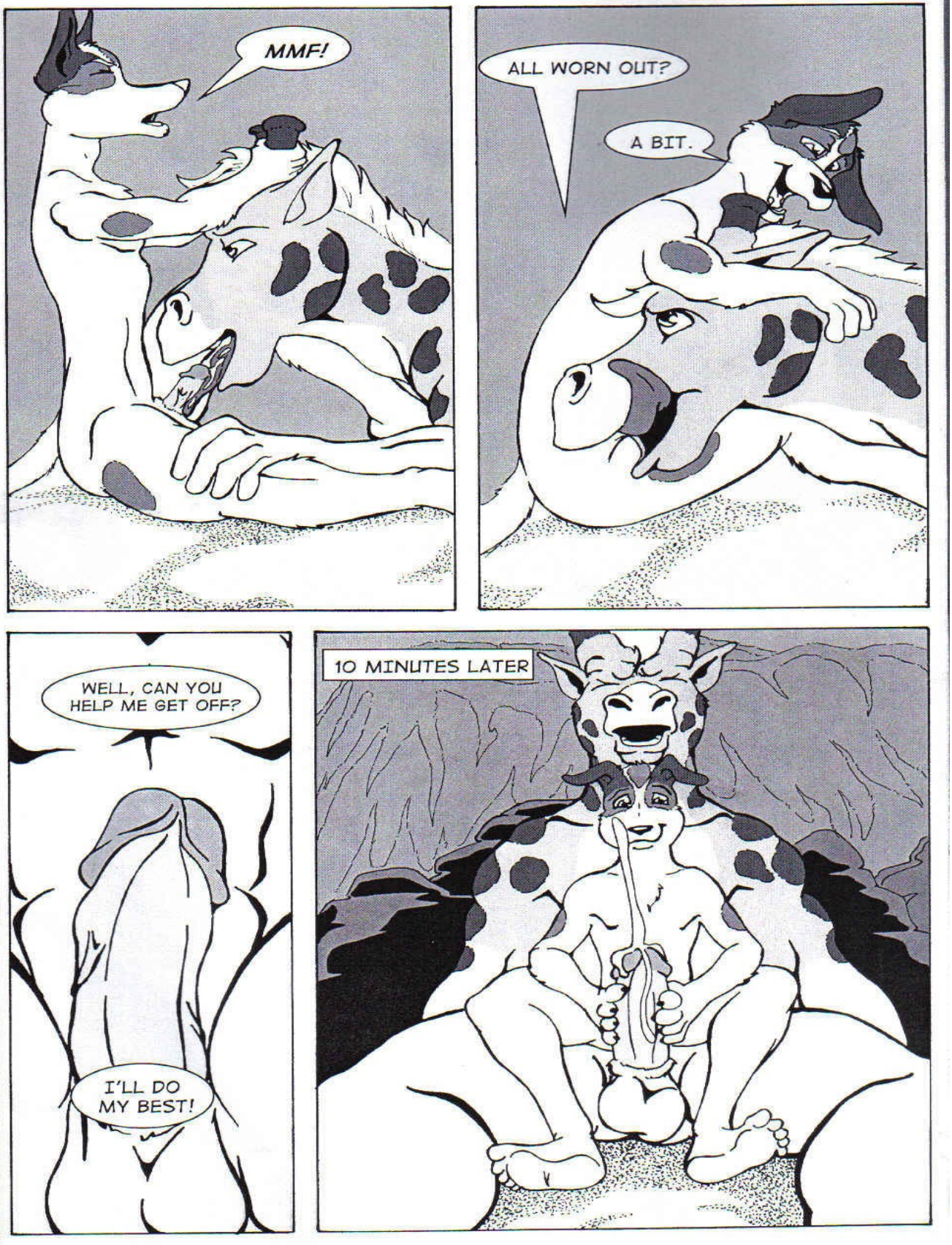
I DIDN'T BRING MY SWIMSUIT EITHER.


HMMMMMM, SEEMS YOU HAVE MORE THAN JUST FLOWERS FOR ME, HUH?
UHM, MAYBE?


DON'T YOU THINK IT'S UNFAIR THAT I'M NAKED, AND YOU'RE STILL WEARING CLOTHES?
UHM, MAYBE?


YEAH, I GUESS SO...
I JUST DON'T WANT YOU TO THINK I'M GOING OUT WITH YOU JUST TO HAVE SEX WITH YOU, THOUGH.
BECAUSE I WOULD NEVER DO...
...THAT?


HUSH NOW, LITTLE PUPPY. TIME FOR THE GIRAFFE TO PLAY.
GOD, I'M GLAD I'M SUBMISSIVE.


MMF!
ALL WORN OUT?
A BIT.
WELL, CAN YOU HELP ME GET OFF?
I'LL DO MY BEST!
10 MINUTES LATER

WOW...REMIND ME TO THANK SALLY FOR SETTING US UP.
YEAH...YOU'RE NOT BAD, LITTLE PUPPY.
SO, YOU THINK WE HAVE A CHANCE FOR A SECOND DATE?
I'D SAY SO...
AND IT IF THAT'S A BONER A FEEL, WE'LL BE HAVING AN ENCORE PERFORMANCE.
HEH.
BE GENTLE WITH ME.
NO PROMISES.
I THINK I'M IN LOVE.

Waking into the nightmare

Myrilla awoke in her bed with a start. The plump little vixen had originally joined the Mansion as the lead centerfold of a plump and plush special that was to run yearly. She had shiny orange fur with the normal white under-ruff and black glove and boot coloring with a black tipped tail. She was also one of the few fully functioning hermaphrodites. She had a cock that was so large that if she were as tall as Lone she would be bigger than he. Standing not 4 foot 9 she was 10 inches long with her shaft dangling past her knees limp. Her pussy was tighter than almost any in the Mansion since she mostly never took anyone inside her that way so the very few that had the privilege of mating with her got a very special treat.

This morning she woke in a cold sweat. Her eyes searching the room for the creature that had haunted her nightmare. Piece by piece she tore the room apart shaking from tip to tail in her utter fright. She peeked out of her room trying to remember what the thing looked like. She watched one pair of pets strolling down the hallway to her and succumbed that it was not really real.

Whatever it was.

Myrilla lay in bed staring up to the ceiling wide eyed and awake as ever. There was no going back to sleep now. She looked down to see herself and her morning wood with a half smirk. She was absolutely throbbing. She looked back to the ceiling starting to count the tiles one by one to bore herself to sleep.

She finished about 20 minutes later.

"Fuck it." She said out loud and stood back to her feet heading over to the door. The hallway was clear now. She bolted down the halls off to outside. She walked down the ramp-way to the pool and took a towel off one of the racks setting it on one of the lounge chair before slipping nude into the water. The cool pool water seeped into her fur with the landscape lit only by a half moon, giving the pool a soft glow.

She set near one of the water jets letting it beat into her back to massage and relax her. She leaned back on the edge of the pool just looking up at the starlit sky. The beautiful vixen just lounged, staring off into the cosmos with her nightmare fading off in the distance.

Some time had passed, who knows how much, before a noise off to the side took her from her soothed state. She jolted upright and spun her head to the side. There was nothing there except for the ivy wall that grew near the pool. She settled back down and leaned her head back trying to get herself back into her nicely relaxed state.

There was the noise again. A soft rustling of leaves at the vine. This time she stood up and folded her arms over one another staring at the ivy, "Okay you can come out of there now. Show yourself. If you want to watch, the least you can do is come play."

But there was dead silence.

She walked out of the pool and fur dripping wet, she headed over to the vines, peering into them for the hidden voyeur. She found no one. After about 15 minutes of searching she started to get frustrated. She mumbled to herself that the fur must have left and started back to the pool her foot tripping on a vine and sending her crashing to her muzzle with a thud. She flipped herself over and looked down to see her foot wrapped up tight by one of the vines.

She cursed to herself and tried to pull herself free to no avail. It almost seemed as if the vine had tied itself to her ankle. She settled herself back and looked around for something to cut the vine loose. She searched around prone on her knees and saw a rock a few feet away that had a sharp enough edge. She crawled as much as she could to it and stretched her fingers out but she was only just barely able to get her fingertips on it. She closed her eyes and gave one long hard stretch just barely pulling it into her hand.

With a deep breath of her relief, she went to sit up to cut the vine but now felt a tug at her wrist. She looked to her hand to see now her wrist too was bound by another vine. She looked puzzled at the still ivy.

"That's impossible." She just managed to say aloud before one long vine whipped around and plunged down her muzzle, gagging any speech from her. Her screams of fright immediately muffled with almost no hope of rescue. She looked down her prone body to see the vine coming alive before her eyes. Her arms and legs were quickly wrapped up in the vines holding her tightly in their grasp and lifting her body up off the ground. She looked over in teary eyes to where she had once sat in the safety of the pool.

The vines slithered around her like serpents. She closed her eyes in the hopes that this was not really happening but she knew this was somehow part of reality. Her muzzle was clamped shut on the vine inside with others wrapping up even her massive and still rock hard shaft from her morning wood.

Desperately she struggled against the living plant with the rock still in her hand, she tried to start cutting herself free. But the second the stone touched the bar, one long whip like vine lashed out and struck her hand, sending the stone skidding across the patio.

Panic set in. Myrilla pulled hard at the vine. She had to get loose. Then with a crack she felt the sting of the vine whip over her back.

Even with the pain, she pulled against the vines. Groaning into the ivy plugging her muzzle, her body was accosted by the whipping vines that started to lash her from every direction at once. The harder she pulled the more violently she was struck. Her screams only barely muffled by the ivy. The pain only strengthened her resolve to get away.

Whips of ivy cracked over her muzzle and cheeks, back and breasts, and over her calves and thighs.

In minutes, her body was coated in broad welts and her white fur was striped with trickles her blood. Her strength started to wane with her tears soaking into her fur with the realization that there was no escape. Her body burned with the heat of cut after cut across her hide.

In one final attempt, she bit down hard on the vine in her muzzle. Boy was that a bad idea. The ivy vines wrapped her up even tighter, with six long strands coming down on her cheeks in rapid succession. And to drive the point home, her legs were forced apart and four others tore into her sensitive thighs and even more sensitive sex, slapping painfully onto that delicate ebony flesh. She reflexively started to bite down even harder. That only served to anger the vines. The entire wall seemed to peel off in long strips with one by one, pelting over her already battered body. Never had she been beaten so severely. Lashes cut across every inch of her body and her once barely striped fur became matted and wet with her bleeding wounds.

Myrilla forces her muzzle wide, and kept herself as still as she could with the vines whipping across her face and throat. She trembled praying for the pain to just end. She succumbed to whatever this ... thing wanted to do to her.

A few more strikes crossed her shivering, tear soaked, and bloody body before they finally slowed back to the wall.

Myrilla prayed silently for this not to be her last night on Earth as the vines closed in and wrapped her body up snugly. She could feel the cuts in her throbbing in the pain. For a moment, she closed her eyes, pretending this was Master Lone's whip instead of a beast and the pain did not feel so bad anymore.

Without warning, she felt the vines around her body, once covered in hard bark, become softer and more pliable. She flashed her eyes open staring down her muzzle at thick and long semi-transparent tentacles. Her mind raced. She tried to pull away again. She needed to escape somehow but that beating was too severe for her to try again. This was the same bizarre creature that she had been dreaming about and now here it was. And she knew what was about to happen. There was no escape.

The long, thick tentacles slowly unwrapped from her waist, leaving her thighs, head and limbs stationary and aloft. She was bent over facing the ground not a few feet below when she felt it. A pair of long and thick appendages slid up her inner thighs. She screamed out again but felt the tentacle in her maw pumping into her muzzle and forcing her to suckle on it like a throbbing cock. She cried hard as the pair of tentacles pushed into her femsex and her warm pucker.

She did not want to feel it but a surge of pleasure washed over her, forced upon her by a light cream that oozed from the tips to lubricate her body. She could only assume that it was a type of aphrodisiac that stimulated her.

Soon enough her fears were brought to fruition, her body afire with heated lust. Her long cock throbbed and twitched in the air with another pair of tentacles encircling her voluptuous breasts and pressing to her firm nipples.

She let out a heated moan of pleasure when she felt one tentacle invert itself over her thick shaft and sedate it's need for pleasure as well. The thickening love potion surged through her veins turning her body into a willing compliant love toy with her inner mind still desperately screaming to be released. She wanted to run away but now her body needed this treatment.

She pumped herself back against the twin pistons pulsing in her sex with a heat that she had never felt before. This creature she still could not see, making hard, passionate love to the plump little darling.

Slowly but surely her mind gave way to the pleasures that were filling her body and soul. Her heart racing in her chest as her cock felt like she was receiving the most sensual blowjob of her life.

Then all at once she felt a surge of thick liquid pump into every orifice of her body with a thick spray. Even the appendages that had the vixen wrapped up sprayed her with the thick, creamy liquid, leaving it to drip off of her and wash the bloodstains away. Her body was fully soaked when she at last got a taste of the stuff that did not immediately ejaculate down her throat.

It was cum. Genuine thick orgasmic cream coated her body from head to toe inside and out. Her eyes slipped closed, suckling the thick cream out from the creature and drinking it down. Her greed insatiable, desperate for more of the pleasures this bizarre lover gifted her.

She let out a longing whimper wanting to look back and see him but at the same time she did not want to spoil the moment of wondrous bliss by looking into the eyes of the monster that was raping her.

Her body shuddered from head to toe. She started to feel the swelling inevitability of her rising orgasm. She suckled wantonly on the thick tentacle that was pumping into her muzzle with lustful fury. And just as she was about to explode, she felt the twin orbs of her sac become tightly wrapped. Thin, strong tentacles also sealing the vein that was about to release her seed.

The bizarre creature was forcing her to hold back on the brink of her orgasm, wanting to use her for as long as possible. Almost as if it was feeding on Myrilla's pleasure. It relentlessly thrusted it's long tentacles into the vixen lifting her high and spread eagle, keeping her body wrapped up and making escape impossibility. The cum it fed the vixen would be sure to hold her for as long as it would need her.

Myrilla would have screamed if she could. Her heart was pounding in her chest with her body being left on the brink of overload. She felt her body stretched past the point of anything she had ever felt before. The squirming tentacles inside her snagging at every pleasure center in her entire body. Her eyes filled with the tears of utmost euphoria. When she had dreamed this she awoke wanting nothing more than to escape, but now all she wanted was to stay. To feel like this forever was now her greatest desire. Every pore of her body screamed with pleasure. The tip of her shaft flared inside it's squeezing prison, which had now taken to vibrating in a sensual massage.

She did not know how long she had stayed like that or how many times the creature pumped it's semen into and onto her plump and sexy body, but it had seemed like hours upon beautiful hours that the vixen held on with a pool of cum forming on the ground.

When she at long last felt the tentacle unwrap from her balls, the explosion of her orgasm gave her the feeling that every inch of her body burst into a heated flame, like a nuclear warhead had gone off. She cried out around the tentacle in her muzzle with the absolute fury rushing over her veins and pulsing the pleasure into every pore.

She awoke with a start, jumping up from the water get that had lulled her to sleep. She stood up straight in the pool and spun her head over to the vine. Her body really felt like she had actually cum. No one was around her at all.

It was only a dream. It was not real. She looked down to her flaccid cock hanging so the tip was still in the water. She looked up to the ivy staring intently to it. She almost hoped that it would come alive again.

But it was just ivy. It was only a dream.

Nothing else could make her feel an orgasm like that again. No one would ever compare to those nights she slept in the pool. No one would ever pleasure her like the monster that filled her dreams.

Fin

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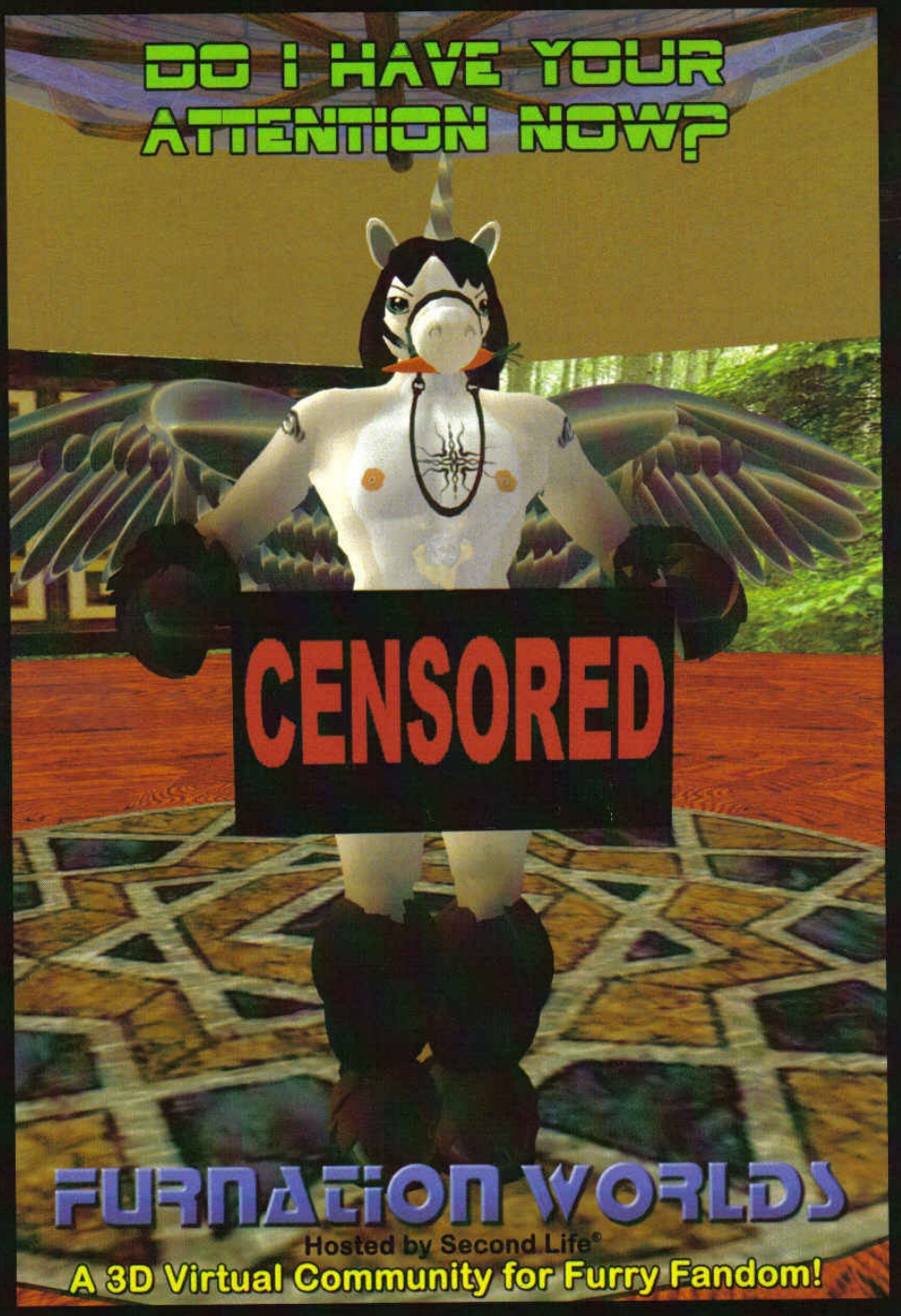

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